

THE
WINDMILL OVERTURNED

BY *Parn 46*
THE BARLEY CAKE.

BEING
A REPLY TO PARKER'S FRIENDLY HINT,
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
LONG-ACRE PERSECUTION,
AND
A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE
OF THE
DARK TRANSACTIONS OF A RELIGIOUS SOCIETY,
CALLED
SOCIETAS EVANGELICA.

By MICHAEL NASH.

OPEN REBUKE IS BETTER THAN SECRET LOVE.

SOLOMON.

RUIN FROM MAN IS MOST CONCEALED WHEN NEAR.

YOUNG.

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THE
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BARLEY CAKE.

SIR,

YOUR two first pages, which are a specimen of the whole sheet, are so full of foot and smoke that the strongest light cannot see much truth or propriety in your application; for all may know, who read your Charitable Morfel, that your attack upon me was neither an *accidental stumble*, nor an *inadvertent offence*, but a premeditated assault; though you missed your mark by that, as well as by the *Billingsgate* insult in your *Friendly Hint*, not knowing the man at which you aimed; for such is my esteem of the outward man that you cannot debase it too low. Add to the portraits you have delineated a Kennel-raker, a Beggar, or the most abject state of poverty imagination can form, and, if they possess an enlightened mind and a renewed soul, they are infinitely above you; and in the scale of the community, probity will give those the pre-eminence; according to Solomon's principle; "a poor man is better than a liar." Hence all your charges of *slander*, *scurrility*, *illiberality*, *maliciousness*, *envy*, and *abuse*, not having a single *fact* to substantiate them, must recoil on your own head.

If you really wished your readers to believe your insinuation, that my dialect is similar to the Billingsgate Nymphs, you should have quoted some expressions to confirm it. Without this what do all your invectives amount to, but a proof that you are desperately enraged?

You tell me "you would sooner contend with a Chimney Sweeper, a Billingsgate Fishwoman, or a madman, than with me." I believe you, Sir, for you would probably not expect from them so plain and honest a detection of your sophistry and lies, as you have found in my Answer to your Morsel.

In page 4 you say, "Had I known you, I should have been convinced that pride, imperiousness, or a mimickry of elegance, were no traits in your character, much less prominent ones, as I insinuated. Dear Sir, the very first time I saw you, though prepossessed with favourable ideas, from the report that you was a professor of the gospel, I was painfully struck to see in you such legible marks of that character which dishonours the name of christian; and I am glad to find you are ashamed of it. Your ostensible air, attitudes, expressions, and gesticulations, &c. have since convinced me that my present idea is not the effect of an accidental occurrence, but the result of your habitual carriage, conduct, and sentiment; and these two publications render you so perfectly naked in this respect, to every discerning impartial reader, that I have not yet found any who will deny that the author of those sheets certainly is A PROUD MAN: whose vindictive assertion, that "I am a vile illiberal slanderer," standing without any proof, is no reproach to me, but the true character of my haughty and malignant accuser.

If you really are ignorant that *pride* is your prominent feature, and sincerely wish to know the truth,

spread the charge before the Lord, and tell him, that others seeing in your face what you cannot discern yourself, compels you to seek his aid to discover that, which if not detected, and *by him removed*, will prove a worm in all your flourishing gourds of fond expectation. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me," was the prayer of a royal saint, and is suited to every believer. And if you have any sincere friend eminent for true faith and vital godliness, charge him, in the name of the Lord, as he shall answer it to you at the great day, to be faithful with you, and to tell you if there are visible marks of that character you disown. I am afraid you will reject this counsel as the rant of fanaticism; though some, who have endeavoured to plead your cause, have acknowledged to me, that the trait is conspicuous in you, and allow that *pride and grace* cannot be habitually predominant at the same time.

In page 5 you say, "I went not a step out of my way in my reply to your Barley Cake." Sure, Sir, you either know not the meaning of words, or forget what you have written, or are hardened in the vice of lying. What connexion had my situation in life with the subject of the Barley Cake? whether I was rich or poor availed not, either to establish or invalidate my arguments, and the scriptures I quoted. The truths I advanced were identically of the same value, whether I rolled in affluence, or wanted, as you proudly upbraid me with, "the comforts, if not the necessities, of life." If I had hidden myself in sophistry, clothed my arguments in falsehood, or misapplied the Word of God, should I not have lain as much open to rebuke, as a public writer, with the possession of millions, as under the want of all things? Again, what relation had the Barley Cake

with your atrocious defamation of my private character; which, in the canine rage of falsehood, you say "is beneath contempt?" And what had my pamphlet to do with my person? which you meanly deride as an *half baked cake*. By these you may see you have advanced a glaring untruth, and notoriously doubled it by affirming "you have no enmity nor malice to gratify."

Now bring forward your *curious anecdotes* respecting my conduct and character; you cannot lessen me so much as I degrade myself; for I am not ashamed to own, that in my natural state, before the Lord wrought his mighty work of grace on my soul, I was a vile servant of sin, and a proud blasphemous, injurious hater of God; and my heart, "the hold for every foul spirit, and a cage for every unclean and hateful bird:" But now, though Paul's remembrancer, "such were some of you," is my familiar bosom friend, yet I can most justly add, with reference to myself, "but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." If, Sir, by your anecdotes you can assist me to discover any secret enemy in my breast, I beseech you act a faithful part, and acquaint me with it, or I will charge you with dishonesty, in keeping from me that knowledge which is essentially connected with my present peace and future hopes. "Teach a just man, and he will learn wisdom; but he that hateth reproof is brutish."

The thirty lies I convicted you of, are now confirmed by your reply, wherein not one of them is refuted; for even the two, numbers twenty-eight and twenty-nine, with the quotations you say I have injured, you have misrepresented; for I have strictly preserved the sense in both. The first, page 32, is completely understood to mean the emigrants, by the
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the pronoun *they*; which I substituted for those thirteen words omitted, with no other view than to save room; being so straitened that I have expressed some of my sentences too short to be explicit, and was forced to omit much weighty matter, lest I should exceed the publisher's limitation for a sixpenny pamphlet. When I quoted the preceding sentence (about *Windmills*) I intended to reply to it there, but passed over it merely for brevity's sake, and the comment I made will rather be strengthened than weakened by inserting the complete paragraph, in your own words; see the Morsel, page 35. "These
 " Amalekitish dogs, who are come hither to eat up
 " the children's bread, must be destroyed, totally
 " destroyed, or you can have no peace nor rest for
 " your soul." I must still say, as there is no such sentence nor sentiment in my Barley Cake, it certainly is either a mark of insanity or knavery. For the principle of the Barley Cake is such as actuates all nations for common preservation, viewing that idolatrous religion as pestilential, whose tenets, being founded on persecution, are the only intolerant to all civil society and peaceful communities. The second quotation you refer to, page 33, is not at all injured, having taken it up before in its turn, page 26, and the omission in the repetition alters not the sense, because in both places I certainly am understood as speaking of the poor *in general*, otherwise I might have been contradicted by some exceptions. Your illusive reasoning preceding that sentence which the word *therefore* refers to, is so nugatory that a child might overturn it all by this simple question—Could not the money collected for the emigrants, have been gathered for our own poor? or do you mean to say, the nation at large would rather foster those Amalekitish dogs than rescue their

brethren from famine? Indeed, when we see them give half-a-guinea a week to the Romish priests, who are all single men, and leave many poor families of our own to perish for want, I confess it looks too much like it. And even of the little that has of late been gathered for our own poor, how many pounds are ostentatiously wasted in long useless advertisements, &c. as if the donors were more anxious to publish their petty gifts, than really to relieve the distressed.

The two lies, number twenty-eight and twenty-nine, are contained in these words, first, "a challenge is given to all the world," this is not true of the Barley Cake: second, "to engage men, or wind-mills, is just the same to you." This assertion, taken either literally or figuratively, is also false, for the truth is, I would rather contend with one man of sound sense, than one hundred light-minded ones, like windmills; knowing that "the tongue of the wise is health; but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness."

In answer to your question, whether that sarcasm about the *weapon*, &c. is not a barefaced lie, and tantamount to three hundred of yours? I aver it is not. That I have heard those words from different persons and at different times, is a substantial truth, with only this variation, that some have said *a dagger*, some *a poniard*, and some *a weapon*. In the literal sense I never received it, nor meant to convey it, otherwise than as a sarcasm, expressive of the improbability of finding one prouder than yourself; and I really thought you was not so deficient in understanding as to take it in the light you have. My end for introducing it was purely to convince you that I am not alone in the idea of your having too much pride.

If,

If, by transferring it to me, you allude to my early state of life, when ignorant of God and myself, I admit the propriety; but was you to *plunge the weapon in my breast* now, you certainly would be guilty of wounding one delivered from those bands and fetters of pride, with which you still are bound. For, apart from the remotest idea of resentment, I must beg permission to deal faithfully with you, in the fear of God; and must say these two publications of yours, without any personal knowledge of you, evince every christian of sound evangelical experience, that, for all your thirty years profession, you are yet under the bonds of the *old covenant*, therefore in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity; consequently sin retains its dominion unsubdued. Be not offended with this hint, but, if your soul is sincere, wrestle with the Lord, night and day, to shew you the real state of your mind. With regard to myself, I am ready to acknowledge there was a time when, to my own conception, a more obnoxious character to God and man never existed. And I can (knowing that all is pardoned) look back with profit to a recent date, when, accidentally seeing my name on a piece of waste paper, just while I was musing on, and groaning under that body of sin which made an apostle cry out, my soul was roused with the utmost indignation against myself, and forced me, with the anguish of *broken bones*, to exclaim, Detestable name! most detestable wretch! and to this day, I confess, I never felt that hatred to my greatest foe, which my soul often feels to this body of sin in which it dwells. If, Sir, instead of thirty years profession, you had had my thirty years experience, you could no more have expressed yourself in the terms you have, when speaking of hallowed things, than a true disciple of Christ can adopt the language of Lucifer. But if
your

your palate is still without favour for this salt, I know you cannot relish it, but will call me *a fanatic*, or perhaps take up the language of my Master's revilers, and say, "he hath a devil, and is mad." Be that as it may, I can pray for you, remembering the day when I once literally threw stones at the people of God myself; and that I still have "a law in my members warring against the law of my mind," though bound by the chains of almighty grace and covenant love.

I was not offended at your calling me *an obscure individual*; for such I am content ever to be; but at your ungodly inferences or insinuation, that my situation should invalidate my reproof to Mr. Romaine, who, I hope, is a servant of the same Master with myself, therefore accountable to him and all his children for every public action.

When I look into my answer for that "mad enthusiastic zeal," wherewith you say, "I run furiously on, foaming with rage at my opponent, till almost out of breath, then make a dead stand, as to the subject in hand, and, puzzled and perplexed what to say, begin to rave about Christian Experience, and of the deep things of God, &c." this charge appears only applicable to you; for that *Christian Experience*, in page 20, so much beyond your knowledge, is a direct answer to, and full confutation of, your ignorant assertion, that the whole word of God was written to produce a moral precept in the hearts of men. If those *deep things of God* are out of your depth of experience, I cannot help that. It is natural for an unconverted man, to think that a malignant spirit which cuts down his high conceits of himself. The Pharisees thought just the same of my Master, when he dealt plainly with them, and did not stick to say he had a devil, yea, to call him Beelzebub,

zebub, the prince of devils; and, like you, they called the bitter waters sweet, and the sweet bitter. But as it ever was so it still is, "he that reproveth
 "a wicked man getteth himself a blot; and the lying
 "tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it:" therefore I shall only refer your subsequent accusations of
 "enthusiastic phrensy, rage, malice, envy, and malignity,"
 to my Master, Christ, who will one day call you to answer for those nefarious slanders on his servant: though they are the best weapons you have to defend a rotten cause.

You tell me "I know not the difference between an *efficient* office and a *sinecure*." As I do not hold myself bound to follow the schoolmen in every idea of words, no more than I choose to adopt their absurd notions in religion, I shall give you what I meant to express by a *sinecure*, in the following instance. If you, Sir, receive 800l. a year for the duties of an office, which another person, equally responsible and eligible, will fill as well for 100l. a year, I consider the surplus, in a strict sense, as a *sinecure* of 700l. a year. I cannot tell what idea you had, with regard to yourself, in the word *efficient*, for I see no great consequence or power annexed to your office, but imperiousness, and I am sure it bears no proportion of utility or importance, in the community, with that of the chimney-sweeper. If this great city was one twelvemonth without any of that sable tribe, would not almost the whole be destroyed by suffocation and conflagration? for I can hardly think you would venture to soil your delicate ruffles, and nicely adjusted hair, with their sooty implements; therefore, as in the scale of usefulness, their office abundantly outweighs yours, it must be *more efficient*. Again, those *Billingsgate Nymphs* you so much scorn, render such kind offices to the public, especially

especially to the poor, as your *urbanity and politeness* would not suffer you to stoop to; consequently, they are much more honourable, and important than a proud cypher of a placeman. What an awful proof of man's apostasy it is to see a *useless* soul with gold, scorn a *useful* one without! Hence let me advise you never to talk of your efficiency in the state, till you can "become the servant of all," and familiarize yourself to the musical sound of *new great sprats*, or the grave note of *sweep, sweep!* And I must add, I think both those characters are abundantly more noble, in the sight of God and all considerate men, in their honest subsistence, by their usefulness to community, than if they could say, "I am enriched by the oppression of my groaning countrymen," or "I live, in all the pride and splendor of title and equipage, with the unmerited claim of a shilling, or two, on every chaldron of coals that comes into this metropolis."

Your illusive remark about the 20,000l. placeman, is only a snare, therefore I shall leave it as it stands, nameless; though it is notorious that some hold places of many thousands for which they do no duty at all. You say all this arises from envy; but how can I envy that which my soul sincerely deploras? No, Sir, be assured I speak the truth before God, and lie not, when I say, I envy them not, and, as far as the Lord enables me to act up to the principle of grace he has given me, my conscience would not suffer me to accept of any place in this nation, (though for a million a year,) upon any other terms than devoting all its emoluments, above a real conscientious equivalent to the duties of the office, toward the reduction of taxes, under which the land groans, or the comfortable maintenance of the thousands of poor which are perishing through real neglect.

I come

I come next to meet your attack about politics. You tell me, "I have shewn my teeth." This is your act, Sir, not mine; teeth, you know, are canine weapons made to bite; I have honestly spoken my mind, and you have threatened to bite, not I. Indeed, I have no doubt of your good will therein, nor of that preacher, so popular for his roaring declamation against *Bachelors*; he threatened me, before my answer appeared, for repeating his generous offer, to give one hundred a year out of his own pocket, to continue the war. I know when either of your oven doors are open the smoke will rush out. Threats are leaden arguments, Sir; they supply the want of truth, reason, scripture, and all; hold but here, and you may do wonders. "*Turn or burn*," will make timorous and ungodly men say black is white, and white black. The fear of loss or harm, like the fascinating charms of Mammon, will make men say that which they think not, and think what they dare not say. But remember, that though fetters may bind, and flames may burn the outward man, nothing can conquer the converted soul, but sound reason from God's word, wrought in the heart by his own Spirit. There is no greater proof of an unrighteous cause than tyranny and persecution, but the true believer can outbrave them all. From among many thousand proofs of this I must select one, wherein one Rose Allen, a poor simple country girl, displayed the power of God in her, as mightily as in any of the whole Martyrology; she was seized by the papistical devils, with a pitcher in one hand, and a candle in the other, who took the candle and held her right hand over it, till the sinews burst with a great noise. During this infernal act, she stood so immovable that she neither drew in her arm, dropt the pitcher, nor discovered any sign of timidity; which
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so irritated those blood-thirsty placemen, that they seemed to feel more pain from her invincible fortitude than she did from the flames; and when they taunted her thus, "Why don't you cry?—won't you cry, you B—h, &c.?"—she with a heavenly meekness, more piercing than a sword, replied, "I have no cause to cry, Sir, *it is you that have cause to cry;*" and afterwards she yielded her body to the flames with the same invulnerable spirit. This is an apposite preface to

THE LONG-ACRE PERSECUTION.

Look at those demure preachers, &c. at Long-Acre Chapel, who with a long sanctified phiz, and an affected pious tone, can devoutly say, "from hardness of heart, good Lord, deliver us," yet, to gratify an ungodly resentment against a poor, but worthy couple, for reading and approving the Barley Cake, can take them by the throat as it were, and cast them out of their only means of getting their bread. I mean Mr. Philp and his wife, pew-openers in that chapel; who, after having filled that office for ten years, with an unblemished character, had a written warning sent them the 4th of November, to quit both their house (which they pay rent for) and their office in the chapel, at Lady-Day next, signed by the Rev. Mr. Cecil, Mr. Jones of Cockspur-street, and, I am grieved to say, by the Rev. Mr. Foster; whose humanity, if not his religion, I thought would have made him tremble at such an act. Did these gentlemen ever read this text, "He ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors?" and are they ignorant how visibly it hath been lately seen in two awful religious characters, who have persecuted some of the servants of Christ, and afterwards dispatched themselves? But I think these men are staunch pleaders for the moral law being *the rule* of a believer's life:

life: this law indeed forbids us to steal; but the gospel, which is the *right rule*, teaches us "to love without dissimulation;" shews, that "love worketh *no ill to his neighbour*, therefore love is the fulfilling of "the law;" and commands us, "Not to go beyond "or defraud our brother *in any matter*." Now, as a cruel, oppressive, persecuting act, through ignorance of the exceeding breadth of the moral command, may seem not to be included in *stealing*, they doubtless hold themselves guiltless; and thus, by a carnal, ungodly salvo, they confirm an observation I have long made, viz. that those who talk most about doing do the least; the true believer can better say what the Lord has done for him, than what he has done, or will do for the Lord. Hence Mr. Cecil, as well as Mr. Eyre, for want of a sound deep experience, to fit them for every part of their office, are reduced to the necessity of holding forth this popish error, "Ministers are not to be reprov'd;" for saith Solomon, "Correction is grievous to him that forsaketh "the way, and he that hateth reproof shall die." My dear Lord and Master, whose precepts are my rule, taught, and still teaches, *his disciples* to be loving, kind, tender-hearted, courteous, pitiful, and, like himself, full of bowels of mercy and compassion, teaching the ignorant, and meekly instructing those that oppose themselves; insomuch that "if a brother be overtaken with a fault, ye that are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness," not crush him, because it is in the power of your hand to do it, without giving him any reason, or so much as telling him wherein he had offended you. But these active gospel precepts, with others, which are like axes at ungodly roots, are much too evangelical for old covenant workers; they indeed talk of Christ, and often use his name, but they call Moses their Master, and his

his negative commands their rule of action, therefore are ignorant of "that active faith which worketh by love:" from such a rule may the Lord deliver all his children, since this is the fruit of its observers; fruits that prove the truth of St. Paul's assertion, "The law worketh wrath," and make God complain, that when "he looked for judgment, behold oppression, for righteousness behold a cry," a mere talk about it. Yet, Gentlemen, if you do possess any inherent power to obey, hearken to the advice of Solomon, "Oppress not the afflicted in the gate, for the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the *soul* of those that spoiled them:" and your common prayer-book says, "The Lord will avenge the poor, and maintain the cause of the helpless."— Answer your Lord's demand in Isaiah, iii. 15. "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the face of the poor?" You know, Gentlemen, you assigned no reason to the poor man for dismissing him from the Lord's work, but the night preceding that warning, which was the result of a dark council, (such I call every one wherein any thing is charged or premeditated against a man without his being made duly acquainted with it, and admitted to answer for himself,) you took leave of him with apparent christian love, without the least intimation of your persecution, or any one act of his, or his wife's, that merited reproof, much less such a secret wound to his reputation, as taking his bread from him, like an atrocious character; but, "He that (thus) hideth his eyes shall have many a curse." Upon the strictest enquiry I can make, I find they have demeaned themselves in their office so irreproachably, for ten years, for very little profit, (except what arises from that integrity and respectability among the congregation, in his line of business, being a private

vate shoemaker,) that I cannot find any thing laid to their charge. And should you persist, I am persuaded God will raise him up friends that will supply your lack of humanity to him.

As no reason was given him with the warning, nor since, though he has applied for one; but a deal of pretended sorrow expressed (to which the good man replied, "Judas was as sorry when he sold his Master,") he naturally searched after the hidden cause, and was told in confidence, his reading and approving the Barley Cake was the unpardonable crime. Wondering how this came to light, (though in reality no fault, for every man is free to think for himself, and none but the members of Antichrist will ever infringe this native right,) he recollected having lent the book to Mr. Smith, printer, at seven dials, his intimate friend, who told him he was printing an answer to it, and expressed a desire to see it; Mr. Philp, on giving it into his hand, said, "You will find some great truths in it." This remark his kind friend probably communicated to Mr. Parker; and Mr. Parker might have told Mr. Jones; a gentleman so ready to do a kind office of this nature, that I have known him to travel into the city, in an uncommon dark foggy evening, to vote against an *obscure individual*; on a similar occasion, who never injured nor offended him.

Our Lord, in his conferences with the Pharisees, sends them to the law; but to his own disciples he says not, observe Moses, only, "If you love me, keep my commandments."

Permit me to ask you, Gentlemen, Have not some of you, in contradiction to his command, Rom. xiv. 13, "Laid stumbling blocks, or occasions to fall, in that poor man's way, (though ineffectual,) in hopes that he would, one day, "fall by

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“ your strong ones ? ” For what purpose were three shillings secretly hidden under the candlestick, when an odd sum of four shillings and ten pence was regularly committed to his care ? Was it a gratuity for his time which he lost that day in waiting on you ? or was it a mere temptation to try his fidelity ? If the former, why demand it of him after he told you simply his thoughts ? And if the latter, be ashamed of such little dirty tricks, whereby you disgrace the Gospel, while you profess to magnify the Law. Again, for what purpose does a certain person come to the chapel, who will accept of no seat but such as he knows Mr. Philp cannot put him in without disobliging those whose constant place it is ? Is it not to procure him rebuke, for “ *suffering such a well-dressed man to stand ?* ” Such little artifices are beneath men of *real sense*, and abominable in Christians ; but a true copy of Pharisees, who all pretend to honour Moses, while they slight the commands of Christ.

Think not, Gentlemen, that I mean to exult over you, because you have thus fallen into a great sin : No, I know that in my flesh, as in yours, dwelleth no good thing ; but as one who has proved the salutary effect of a remedy, I wish to persuade you to the use of it. When I feel the “ Sin that dwelleth in me ” working wrath, I go not to the positive or negative commands of Moses, but to the sweet promises and precepts of him who worketh in his children to *will and also to do*, and, with the freedom of a *Son beloved*, tell my Father of my weakness and foolishness, and ask him to lift me up to whatever he hath commanded that is above my reach, and to impart to me all those gifts of his Spirit, which he covenanted with my Surety to give to the rebellious. Hence I am neither dismayed at my want of power, nor slight the good through despair of obtaining it ;
because,

because, though my arm is not long enough to reach it, my Father's is; and in Christ "I and my Father are one:" But if I cry to Moses till I die he will not help me with one of his ten fingers, but try to crush me with them all; then, why make that my rule which killed me, and by which no man ever did or can walk? Pardon this digression, Sir, for though to you it may seem fanatical, and beside the matter in hand, to me it appears essentially connected with my subject.

You next charge me with meddling with Government; this, Sir, with the excitation of my friends you speak of, is your slander, not my act or theirs; for I will not admit, that a sharp rebuke, for the pride and avaricious covetousness of some imperious placemen, is any interference with the Constitution or Government, though I borrow some black caricatures to delineate the strong features of the reprobated. A more honest friend to my King and country lives not in it; as some who I have contested with, in argument, could testify; and I have got Lord Salisbury's letter to shew, that my expressions of it, in a present of a manuscript I valued at fifty guineas, was received, "by his Majesty, in the most gracious manner." Note, I held no sinecure, office, or emolument, as a stimulus; but I cannot play the sycophant, to approve every thing transacted by wicked servants, in his name; being persuaded that his Majesty is not truly informed of many things which may be very influential in weaning the affections of his subjects. Can any reasonable man suppose, that if his Majesty had been duly apprized of the extreme distress many thousands of his worthy artizans and manufacturers were in, that he would have issued his royal mandate to make collections throughout the kingdom, for the support and en-

couragement of those popish priests, whose tenets every state officer is *sworn to detest as the most damnable doctrine*, and leave his own faithful subjects to perish for want? Can any rationally think that a sovereign, of such morals as our King professes, (which teaches him to be the loving father of his people, and to find more pleasure and honour in procuring their universal happiness and prosperity, than in gratifying the ambition, avarice, or resentment of a few,) would countenance such cruel persecutions as have been inflicted on some *obscure individuals*, for inadvertently speaking those thoughts which the misconduct of some in power, or the irritation of designing persons, had created? I cannot believe, that his Majesty, who has always professed to favour the protestant religion, ever authorized those honours, our army has been commanded to pay to the idolatrous host; orders so abominable to God, and so hostile to the peace, happiness, and dignity of this country, that, unless they are countermanded, or some measure taken to make satisfaction for the disgrace, I shall conclude, that horrid popery is become a branch of the constitution. I have been seriously impressed with thoughts of addressing a humble godly letter to my sovereign, but they have been counteracted by deep reflection on these words, which often occur in sacred writ, viz. "The cause was
 " from the Lord, that he might perform his saying,
 " &c." particularly in the cases of Zedekiah, Rehoboam, &c. And when I read such passages as these,
 " They that help them shall fall with them, and they
 " all shall fall down together—I will punish the world
 " for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity,
 " and I will cause the arrogance of the proud to
 " cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible;" I am afraid of the judgment which they predict

dict to come on this land, and am ready to say with the prophet, " Her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged," whose arms have assisted in setting up popery, in those places where God had cast it out.

If, Sir, you are in search for innovators on the British rights, or the writers of inflammatory letters, &c. you must not come to my house, I assure you; but go to Head Quarters, and there see orders which have never been imposed on Britons since Mary's reign, until that day; orders that ought to make every man, who fears God, tremble, lest, by a pusillanimous silence, his conscience should be defiled with that idolatrous deed, and so become a partaker of their plagues. Look at the inflammatory letter in the Morning Chronicle, of the 27th of December last, in the name of Dr. Horsley, late Bishop of St. David's, to his Clergy. A letter, in my judgment, stained with blasphemy against the express words of Christ, who says, of those the doctor calls " brethren, members of Christ, children of God, heirs of the same promise," " Ye are of your father the devil;" and, as if that had been too little to rouse the indignation of protestants, he adds, " they are more near and dear to us, in truth, by far, than some of our Protestant brethren," who he loads with opprobrious epithets and calumnies, which none but a limb of Antichrist could have done. On these, Sir, expend your quiver of threats and invidious cautions.

I am glad to see you are ashamed of despising the poor, but sorry you deny the act, which is too legible to every discerning mind, in five different pages.

What you mean to throw out by, " own misconduct or obstinacy of temper," I know not, only I would observe, that insinuation, like prevarication,

is only calculated to lead the judgment of the reader into falsehood, where the author has not audacity enough roundly to assert the lie he wishes to be received. Of the same species is the secret you pretend to, in order to hide the fact you know I am privy to, viz. that you have all your knowledge of me, only from my connexion with your society; but you seem not aware of the contents of that subterfuge.

The mistake about the five months, is yours, Sir, not mine; I never meant to hint that you was five months in the act of writing it, but you certainly had about that time to deliberate on it; and as for your friends assisting you, I know not of, nor asserted any thing about.

In page 10, you say, "I charge you, (but with the "most audacious falsehood,) with insulting and deriding my person." If your assertion, page 16, that the "title of my pamphlet is more expressive of "the *Author* than his *Work*; who appears to be a "half-baked Cake, or a *Cake unturned*, raised by the "leaven of malice and wickedness," is not equivalent to an insulting derision of my person, I know not the meaning of words. But this is not your only lie, by many, in your *Friendly Hint*, had I chose to number them; another as notorious immediately joins it, viz. that I refer my readers to the 23d page of your Answer, for the proof that you upbraided me with, imaginary profits from the sale of my pamphlet; whereas, I have made the assertion, (see bottom of page 34, in my answer to your Morfel,) without any reference at all; but if you want the proof to confirm my averment, look at page 32 of your Morfel, and see the following words (beginning on page 31). "As the former edition had produced you some pecuniary supply, you were desirous of getting a
"larger

"larger sum by your labours, and so doubled the price." Now, Sir, who writes "*with the most audacious falsehood?*"

You seem equally unaware of your embarrassment, in saying, "I never imagined you would get any thing by the second edition," yet think I enlarged it to double its price; you forget that mercenary views will never allow to give, as you say, "more than could be afforded for the price." The profit you conceive to arise from the first edition was chiefly swallowed up by extensive advertising. And had the profits from all the editions been great, you who roll in affluence by the spoils of the public, should have been the last man to upbraid an honest tradesman, whose relative obligations will not allow him to sell without profit. But, alas! to what is that man reduced, who forsakes the path of honour and truth? even to nurse the devil's brats, till time has so familiarized them that they become his own.

In page 11, you say, "I know not a single word, or expression, in my reply, that can be fairly construed, as a reflection on your poverty, or on the poor at large; it is what I should tremble to do." Look at page 3, 16, and 26, and see if you can tremble, for you must confess you would no more have addressed me in such terms as you have there used, if you had thought me your equal in circumstances, than you will say you are delighted with the whole of my answer. Look also at p. 24 and 25, and suppose yourself in the situation of a pauper, and then say if you would not feel it a reflection, if not an insult, to be told by a proud placeman enriched by the labours of the poor, that was justifying the unrighteous act of giving half-a-guinea a week to the useless drones of the earth, and enemies to God and man, "That you had a comfortable provision," and that, "Our own poor

"are as well provided for, in general, as circumstances will admit," when you knew 50,000l. had been gathered for the most abandoned race of men? I am certain you would: therefore you are guilty, though now your pride, affluence, and ease, may render you incapable of feeling the reproach, or trembling at your inhumanity, and so turn it off by saying, "It is a groundless slander."

The other false references you accuse me of without naming them, must remain unanswered, as the exhalations of your angry mind; so the sum total of your Friendly Hint, amounts only to an authentic confirmation of what I advanced in my Answer to your Charitable Morfel; and constrains me to remark how completely God has answered my prayer, by enabling me, "to stop the mouths of gainfayers," and, "to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

I am aware, Sir, of your being a member of the *Sick Man's Friend*, and that in this connexion you may have visited many poor objects; but the subjects I referred your search into, are not here and there a poor individual, but whole houses and streets full of the most shocking scenes of human distress, far beyond what imagination can form; therefore your boasting is premature.

Pray, Sir, where do those "green and flourishing plants of reputation" you speak of grow? Sure you do not reckon that *vine in the Mews* one, which, within the leaves of a *Friendly Hint*, has again produced some large grapes of gall, and many bitter clusters? Pray is that bellowing preaching dyer in Spital-square, who in his rage threw hot water at one of his men, one of your flourishing plants of reputation? or that black hearted Jonadab (a very subtle man) in Old-street Road, one? who, as well as you, has

borne some very bitter clusters of late. I will send you one to taste. Some time back he lent his brother in law 500l. (where he got it he and Satan know better than I), which he sunk in trade, and probably might prosper with it. Jonadab seeing this, possibly might think he had a right to a large share of the profits; consequently, devising how to come at it, hit upon this scheme, viz. To go to him, and make four propositions, as follows: "Either sign this instrument, which I will not suffer you to see; or give me 100l. a year out of your trade; or pay me *immediately* my 500l.; or prepare for a prison." This bitter cluster so distressed the poor man, that in his extremity he sought among his friends for an antidote. Possibly a Mr. Over can tell you who he applied to, and correct my mistakes, if I have made any. However the circumstance got wind, and became the topic of conversation, on which subtle Jonadab go this brother-in-law to write a few lines in his vindication: but whatever gratuity or motive might induce him to try to wipe of the odium from his brother Jonadab, it appears as if his conscience would not permit him positively to deny the fact; which, if in truth he could, there is no doubt but he would, from the purport of his letter, which, with another of Jonadab's on that same business, is in my possession. viz. after shewing his desire to stop the report, without any serious assertion that there was no truth in it, he says, "Though there was an affair between us, in which we differed in opinion, yet, so far from *receiving injuries*, I have received, and continue to receive, kindnesses from his hands." Observe, he only says *receiving injuries*; he does not say, none were attempted, or apparently intended, if the report had not got wind so soon. They who know the subtlety of Jonadab, will easily see through this; and also through his

his own fig-leaves, with which he tries to hide his nakedness, viz. "Mr. — declared, in the presence of a respectable divine, (the letter alluded to above) "to be the pure sentiments of his mind." Who was that divine but himself? And suppose it had been the most evangelical man on earth, can he search the heart like God? therefore such an appeal is idolatry, and very suitable to Jonadab's principles, and does not invalidate but tend to confirm the report.

The rest of your flourishing plants, Sir, such as the proud silversmith, the spiteful haberdasher, the covetous ribbon-weaver, &c. &c. I fancy, if we were to search for their fruits, would appear to be vines of the same bitter quality with yours.

It is a pity that, after seeing your folly in publishing your first reply, and owning your friends, who dissuaded you, were wiser than yourself, you did not consult them before you rallied your broken troops to renew the attack in this second reply. However, Sir, having pledged your word that this shall be the last, I suppose I may venture to take my leave of you as an opponent; for, unless you renew the action, it is probable I never shall address you again through the press.

I called on Mr. Stokes of Friday-street, to whom you refer me for satisfaction to my queries about the French Bible, which you bring in to nullify my assertion of the reply Mr. R. really made to me when I waited on him from that society, to request his assistance in that work, viz. "I am not a friend to it; "but I wish it may succeed with all my heart."

Mr. Stokes seemed displeased that you had taken up his name without communicating it to him, but could give me no satisfaction about the printed sheets, which you say were corrected by that Bible. Mr. R. he said, had lent him a Bible, which he had, at one time,

time, some thoughts of printing from; but never began; nor had he communicated either Mr. R.'s loan of the book, or his thoughts of re-printing it, to any of the members of the French Bible Society, though he confessed Mr. H., one of the committee of that society, had frequently applied to him for information, to facilitate the society's plan; so that you are still but where you was before, without a single word to overthrow or invalidate my veracity, when I say Mr. R. really made that answer to me, and in a manner unbecoming a gentleman. What were his motives I must leave; possibly he might think as you, that it was a great piece of impertinent officiousness, for an *obscure individual* to presume to approach *His Holiness*, without some stately or canonical introduction.

I consider your correspondents as birds of the same feather with yourself, i. e. disciples of Cicero and Demosthenes; not of Christ, or his apostles; therefore incapable of understanding the language of gospel truth. The first acts like a fool; owns himself insufficient to give an opinion weight, yet forces one upon you, and insinuates a notorious falsehood, which he dares not boldly assert, viz. That you "have satisfied *every other person* of the propriety of Mr. Romaine's conduct." His "*piety of St. Paul*" I never read of; unless it refers to his carnal state, when he was a pharisee of the pharisees. But I have heard much of those idols, the piety and virtue of philosophers and pharisees, which, doubtless, you and your correspondents highly venerate. But I cannot find the word *piety* in all the Bible. Your other friend, perhaps, never read St. Paul to the Galatians: "Though an *angel from heaven* preach any other gospel to you, let him be accursed." The editor of that rotten divinity, published under the title of the
The

The Evangelical Magazine, I think, writes like your friends, except that he more artfully avails himself of that *insinuation* he endeavours to father upon me; and then labours to make his readers conceive a lie, which he has not impudence enough to avouch, viz. That I am a mercenary scribbler, who “*would revile an angel from heaven to pocket a few pence.*” But all these things I so transfer to my Divine Master, who sent me on this warfare, that I can truly say they move me not.

It is perfectly consistent with you, as a carnal man, to hide yourself under the fable wings of the reviewers, who, you know, are as ignorant of divine truth as a pig is of pearls. I value no man’s opinion but where great grace is manifestly in the heart and life (though I hear that thousands are delighted with the Barley Cake, &c.), for I know the carnal mind savoureth not the things of God.

Your talents and ideas being more adapted to newspaper writing than my scriptural rebukes, certainly fits you for that post better than any pretensions I can have, therefore I resign it to your pre-eminence in *slander, scurrility, falsehood, and abuse.*

You talk of a purpose to profit by my last, but I am afraid you will not, because you speak so confidently, as if you really had the inherent power to do it. God’s true children know it is HE, and HE alone, that teacheth to profit. But see, I beseech you, how you have profited already, even to pervert God’s holy word. How can you in truth apply David’s words to me, “Let him curse,” when there is not any thing like a curse from me in any of my books? No, Sir: my Lord hath forbidden me to curse; but commanded me to bless, even MINE enemies. Therefore, in blessing you, I can do no other-wise than wish you, most sincerely. the best of gifts—
a true

a true, evangelical repentance, and faith that worketh by love.

Had you, spiritually, the bee's chymical art, there would be some consistency in your language of *extractive power*; but the first lesson you have to learn is, that you are spiritually *blind and dead*, therefore see not your nakedness; otherwise you would not say I intended all those reproofs as a curse. It is utterly false, as God can, and one day will, witness. And it is his work only to make them a blessing, not yours to *extract it*.

You say you wish to take leave in a *Christian spirit*. How can you possibly do that before you have the spirit of Christ?—You add, “And in so solemn a manner, that I shall not be ashamed of it at the great day.” Be not deceived, Sir; it is not solemnity of word, or action, that will give us boldness in that day. Nothing less than the Spirit of Christ dwelling in us, and transforming our whole man into his image, will enable us to hold up our heads then. You have read, doubtless, “If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his;” but did you ever ponder it with reference to yourself? or can you honestly say before God, unequivocally, you have in deed and truth the Spirit of Christ dwelling in you? I am fully persuaded, by your language, you cannot.

You add, “When the secrets of all hearts shall be opened.” Then, Sir, if I may judge by your words, you will put in your plea, “I have done some things, yea, many things, well.” Mine must be, from heart-felt experience, Guilty! guilty! guilty!—But—O, most righteous Judge, “look upon the man of thy right hand; the Son of Man, whom thou madest strong for thyself”—fix thine eyes on Him, “who bore my sins, and carried my sorrows.”

“ sorrows.” Thou hast received in HIM the ransom of my soul, therefore I claim my legal discharge.

Your next words are, “ And we shall all be called upon to give an account of the deeds done in the body.” I have made up my account for that day, Sir; Have you? Wherein does it consist? Of prayers, alms, and other religious acts of piety; such as, I have received and entertained thy real and reputed servants, Lord; and by them I have eat and drank in thy presence; I have largely contributed to every liberal institution; visited thee, in thy members, when in prison; and ministered unto thee, in them, when I thought they were in sickness, and “ *in want of the comforts and necessaries of life:*” Yea, Lord, I have spoken in thy name, to the comfort of some, and the casting out of devils in others; and in thy name done many wonderful works, &c. O! Sir, if at the end of this catalogue it should be written, or said, “ Depart! I tell you I know you not,” how awfully dreadful will be your mistake! Just in the view of life to sink into eternal death!—It is of all things the most weighty, to have a clear account for that day! Better be deceived in our titles to all this world can give, than find a flaw in the deeds of our heavenly inheritance. Well, Sir, I will now give you my account made up for that day.

I, poor I, have not one *deed* in all your long catalogue to present; but one I have, which, for validity, will outweigh them all. O, Sir, having groaned many years, on that score, under this body of sin and death, sometimes so deeply that many thought me delirious; and often so intensely, that, for days together, few expressions escaped my lips but such as these, “ O that God would look upon me—O that He would look upon me, O that He would heal me! for sure, of all men, I have the most
need

need of healing;" extorted with the perpetual anguish of a bleeding heart. Well, one day, not many years back, when reduced to the utmost extremity, I threw my soul as it were entirely out of my hands, with this energetic sentence, "There it is, if thou, "Lord, wilt take it, surely it shall praise thee, if thou "dost not the devil must." Just at the instant I was thus truly out of myself, the Lord overshadowed me, and enabled me to run into Christ; to put on his righteousness as mine, his wisdom, power, and holiness as mine, and even to the utmost extent of his sanctification to claim as mine; and by faith, I saw him put on that guilty, filthy soul I had cast away, and sustaining all the vengeance due thereto, in his own person. This one act, Sir, of transferring my sins to him, and taking his righteousness on me, is the only *deed ever done in my body*, that I can attempt to bring into that account. And if Satan should withstand me with his suggestions of illusive fancy, I will produce, "the Signet, the Bracelets, and the "Staff," as a testimony against him. By the Signet I mean the witness of the divine Spirit, or sealing of the Holy Ghost, unto the day of redemption; the Bracelets are the sweet tokens of love, divine pardons, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, with acts of faith innumerable, and flowings of grateful love, like a well within; the Staff is the whole Word of God, stronger and more durable than Heaven and Earth: and should my glorious Advocate and Friend ever remind me of any work or labour of love, I may have done for his saints or his cause, in this life, I shall be truly ashamed to own them; and say, Lord, when saw I thee so and so, and ministered unto thee? No, Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name be all the praise, for thou wroughtest all my works in me and
for

for me. Now judge who is the happiest man, you with your abundance, or I, whom you think to be in want of the comforts and necessaries of life? If happiness is riches, truly I am one of the richest men in the world; could you know the sweet heavenly delight I find, even in all outward things which my Father sends me, or taste the divine overflowing of love and gratitude, which, like salt, seasons all my viands, you would covet to feast at my board. How much more when at his heavenly banquet! yea, such is that heart-felt satisfaction I enjoy in common things, that the grandeur and wealth of royalty is rather pitied than envied or desired by me; and if you should ever drink of the same stream, you will honestly thank me for those sharp rebukes (the best love) which you say I intended as a curse.

You think I have contracted much guilt in my foul, by writing my last to you, but I protest before God, I know of none, from my first edition of my Barley Cake to this very line; except omitting my name in the three first, which as the effect of unbelief is dishonourable to my Master; and a *difficulty I find* to reckon up the twenty times, which are not confined to that absolute number; but I wish to alter it to the words *often*, or *many times*, though I cannot positively say it was not twenty times; except these two things, I feel free from all guilt on that score. All the asperity I have used is, in my judgment, strictly consonant to the divine command, "Be ye angry, and sin not." And I am persuaded, if I had exceeded what was necessary to conviction, the Lord would have laid it upon my mind; and I can sincerely aver, God's glory and Zion's good, were my views from the beginning.

The pardon you ask, I feel as freely to grant as I wish

wish to receive at my Redeemer's hands ; but forgive me, Sir, if I say, your request, while under the persuasion that " I have most unwarrantably vilified and slandered you, and treated you in a most illiberal manner, without any just reason or provocation on your part," is an inconsistency that impeaches your sincerity.

The Lord keep me from being hasty in judging, but, seeing he hath commanded us to " judge righteous judgment," " to make the tree good and its fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt, and its fruit corrupt, for every tree is known by its fruit," I must beg permission to act the faithful monitor to you before we part, and assure you in his name, whose presence I have, and whose Spirit is in me, that you are still under the *old covenant*, a stranger to the power of Christ in your soul, and ignorant of yourself, and that hidden mystery which yet ruleth in your heart. I would not discourage you, or any soul who sincerely wishes to be born again, but only mean to point at the danger, in order, if God sets in with my attempt, to rouse your soul to a serious flight to the City of Refuge. And though in p. 5 of my last, I expressed myself with warmth on this head, it really was with a view to such a salutary effect; not an inference or conclusion, that, because you are now visibly out of the New Covenant, you never will be brought in.

Now, Sir, permit me to take an affectionate leave of you, forgetting and forgiving all your accusations and reproaches, express my real unfeigned wishes, that this dispute you have too precipitately run into, as a proof that Mr. Romaine was unable to defend himself, may be made an abundant blessing to you, to him, to all who read it, and to the professing church of God; then you will count it one of the most

precious links in all your chain of providences, and own the Barley Cake, though bitter to your taste, was sweetness in your bowels, and health to your bones, and put in the list of your best friends, that despised servant of Jesus,

The AUTHOR,

MICHAEL NASH.

NOW, Sir, I have to meet the bite of your venomous teeth in the society you allude to, called

SOCIETAS EVANGELICA.

At the monthly meeting, the 20th of December, there was an uncommon committee, four out of nine not being members of it, viz. Mr. Langston, partner with Chambers; Matthew Witton, number 12, Well's Row, Islington; S. Mills, of Moorfields; and Jones, the silver-smith, Cockspur-street, who never before attended their meetings, since I have known him; but when a vindictive persecuting spirit stimulated, he thought it not too much, in the devil's service, to go to Aldersgate-street, in a very thick foggy night, to assist others like himself, in forming a dark diabolical scheme, to injure one who never offended him.

After the usual business I was desired to withdraw; this confirmed the suggestion, that Satan had stirred them up to some secret plot against me; for I know, "He that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to it lest his deeds should be reproved." What the result of their popish cabal was I knew not till the next General Meeting, when I found they had received a letter from Parker of the Mews, that notorious liar, and infamous defamer, who, to vilify me,

published

published thirty lies in one pamphlet, and near twenty in another, (called the Friendly Hint,) to hide his deformity in the first.

As the purport of that letter was to injure me, it, or a copy of it; ought to have been given me then, before they concluded any thing upon it; for none but the imps of Satan will proceed upon a secret charge till the accused has an honourable investigation, essential to make a proper defence. But such a coming to the light would not suit their satanical designs, consequently at the general meeting I was unprepared for those secret stabs, being totally ignorant of Parker's letter, or what they had done, so that I could only from conjecture draw up an admonition to check their ungodly process.

Previous to the General Meeting, I found two men had been basely employed, (one by T. Wilson, of Wood-street, the other by Chambers of Gutter-lane,) to circulate a malicious report among the subscribers, and solicit votes for my office before there was any vacancy. Here note, when I as a candidate applied to T. Wilson, sen. for a list of subscribers, he denied me, under pretence that there was not a vacancy till Mr. Nind had given in his letter of resignation, which he knew would be the very next day. But there was no reason to think he was so scrupulous to the candidate he favoured, since, to gratify his malicious spirit, he could send his emissary round to all before any vacancy existed, or was even thought of by me. What will not a covetous, malicious, purse-proud servant of Satan do for that Mammon by whom he has all his wealth? Would it not be ingratitude in him to stick at any dirty action, to serve such a master?

January 17th, 1794, the General Meeting assembled,

Thomas Platt, of Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, in the Chair.

Enoch Hodgkinson, of the same street.

Messrs. Chambers and Langston, of Gutter-lane.

Richard Jones, silversmith, Cockspur-street.

Thomas Wilson, jun. of Wood-street, Cheapside, Treasurer.

John Russell, of Newman-street, Oxford Road.

George Wright, of John's-street, Tottenham Court Road.

George Durant and Matthew Wilks, Preachers.

David Whittaker, blacksmith, Hackney.

William Collins, carpenter, Hackney.

Matthew Witton, No. 12, Wells's-row, Islington.

Mr. Hawkesworth, and Dr. Lyon, a non subscriber.

These were of the majority. Those Gentlemen of the minority, whose abhorrence of their proceedings obliged them to disjoin such a Baalitic Society, are omitted; lest it should discredit them, that they once were united with men of such principles. The secretary, to his honour, resigned his office, protested against their ungodly measures, and washed his hands of such dirty connexions; and Mr. Dixon of Clerkenwell, as an honest christian, resolutely opposed them. The neutral names ought to be inserted for their pusillanimity; but I spare them, and leave them to answer to God, for their base silence, when he called on them to defend a righteous cause; and those also who were absent, because they did not like to oppose the rich in their evil way: but let the angel of the Lord, in Judges v. rebuke them both, "Curse ye
"bitterly the inhabitants of Meroz, because they
"came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of
"the Lord against the mighty."

The minutes being read, discovered the secret plot of the last committee, when, hearing certain pointed charges

charges read against me, I got up, and begged only permission to drop a few words antecedent to their discussion; but they, like Bonner's bench, fearing to face the light, denied me this indubitable right: for my enemies, having previously secured a majority, carried the motion to withdraw, without speaking a word in reply to Parker's malicious charges.

They were near two hours in cabal before I was called in. Then the chairman informed me they had come to a motion for my dismissal, but were willing to hear what I had to say. I told them, as that was the first knowledge I had of the charges, I was not so instantaneously prepared for a defence; but if they would give me a copy of them, and refer the discussion till next monthly meeting, I would give them full satisfaction to every point. This proposition was too near the light for their dark deeds, whose master, Satan, urges on with impetus, lest conviction should break in upon their consciences, and defeat his hellish designs. So that just demand was refused also.

In my absence they had concluded on the first charge to my disadvantage (respecting my claim to the 3l. 10s.) without asking me a single question of what I had done to merit it, or the ground on which I held them indebted to me. I have learned since that they adjusted it, as men destitute of honour or honesty mostly do, when after a written agreement they require something more than is mentioned therein, with only a verbal hint of satisfaction. Where persons have men of real honour to deal with they scruple not to rely on the after word as much as on the agreement: but a scoundrel, when payment is to be made, will avail himself of his written agreement, and pretend to forget his verbal addition.

When I engaged with the society Mr. Parker proposed the salary should be 20l. a year, (what had

formerly been given to Mr. Nind;) but this was objected to by my malicious enemy, Matthew Wilks; and as I had refused to canvas (for I want no place but wants me), some suggested that I might not have courage to solicit subscriptions; and, as the society had long been upon the decline, they wanted a person of spirit to revive it. I replied that, though I had not courage to ask favours for myself, I could boldly plead for others; especially when I thought it to be the cause of God. This Mr. Daniel West admitted as a sound argument; but I was desired to withdraw. On my return Matthew Wilks, who was not chairman, told me part of their conclusion; to which I was going to reply, but Mr. Durant jogged me to stop, and told me it was settled for the present that I should be on the same footing as my predecessor; and at the end of the year they would reconsider the 20l. which would depend on my merits in exerting myself. Note, I was not informed how much my predecessor had that year; nor were any minutes shewn or read to me: and, to the best of my remembrance, this is truly the substance of all that was said to me at that meeting in December 1791, except some impertinent queries which Wilks had caused, and ordering me to attend the next meeting.

Mr. Spencer Wood, a most worthy character, afterwards told me as a friend, the reason why they declined fixing the salary at 20l. was because they thought I had not spirit enough to ask strangers, and therefore desired me to exert myself; which I did very much the first year. That such a lure was held out the secretary did testify before them, and Mr. Timmings of Hoxton-square can attest the same.

At the close of the year, when I intimated what I expected, they would regard nothing but what was
found

found on their minute book; though even Mr. Wilks, I am informed, then acknowledged that the labour deserved 20l. I told them I had spent an unreasonable portion of time in applying to some hundred persons, though to little purpose; for the society was become so unpopular, that it cost me a great deal of extra time, weariness, patience, ingenuity, and address, to persuade many gentlemen to continue, who had made up their minds to decline; besides hundreds of fruitless applications. As T. Wilson, jun. had maliciously endeavoured, in my absence, to undervalue my exertion, by representing a mistake to my disparagement; and David Parker, who wanted me to wear powder, construed my refusal (though I gave him a solid reason) into an unbecoming spirit, they only voted me two guineas for all my extra trouble; as if they who sat at their ease were better judges than I of the time I lost, and the weariness I endured both in body and mind. Durant, especially, can say, "*Call again,*" six or eight times, with more ease than he can go so often after one subscription. And Hodgkinson, who would be thought a considerate man, seemed to think it more trouble to rise off his sofa, or call his servant, to get the money, than for me to call two or three times for it; though I told him I had that day walked fifteen miles without taking a single subscription. It is a common maxim with some I can name in the society to throw down two shillings to a poor man instead of half a crown. And the hearse of a late religious character, in Moorfields, eminent in this art, was followed with the bitter curses of his oppressed poor. May his survivors, who inherit his covetous principles, be admonished by his hopeless end. And the roaring dyer, who, when he preached with a poor man where half a guinea was allowed for their joint expences, would have five and sixpence, while the

poor man, because his situation needed the whole, must have only five shillings, though he pretends to thunder gratis: if any doubt his pretensions let them look at his valuable snuff-box.

I was so dissatisfied with their shameful imposition, that I told them "I must be content to put up with the loss, and blame myself for relying on their word; for I had much rather have the society indebted to me, than be indebted to them." At which Durant rose, and feeling in his snuff-box for all the sense it contained, and shrugging up his shoulders to give importance to his nonsense, replied, "Come, Mr. Nash, I think we have done pretty well; we have given you nearly what you ask." As I had not reckoned my exact due, I answered, "Four pounds are an object to me, if not to you." On which he asked the treasurer how much it was? who said 16l. 10s. Then this great logician added, "that's near, very near, if not quite, 20l." After this, knowing how successful I had been for another society, Mr. Hodgkinson requested me to try to get some more new subscribers. I said "I would devote as much time to their service as they pleased, if they would pay me for it; but not on so precarious a ground as I had done." Thus finished that business, which I expected never more to come on their table; nor would it, if Mr. Romaine had, like an honest man, replied for himself; instead of that proud lying pharisee making such a bare-faced boast of what he, nor those he referred to, never did; and I am persuaded never thought of.

As they had concluded the first clause to their own purpose, and refused to give me a copy of the charges, and time to answer, I was put upon an immediate defence of the second charge, viz. "Calumniating the whole society in the third page of my Answer to the

the Charitable Morfel;" which I really never meant to apply to any other persons than those there mentioned, and him I addressed, Artful designing men can put what construction they please: but let them remember, to God they shall account for it.—I protested against the charge as an untruth, and insisted on a fair proof to establish their averment. And what do you think, gentle reader, was Mr. Chambers's fair proof that I had calumniated the whole body of Societas Evangelica? Why, "*We think so.*" I told them their thoughts were not to put an unjust meaning on my words which I never had myself; and declared I held myself accountable to none for those words, but Durant, Chambers, and Wilson (the three most hot-headed there), who, if they were not ashamed of their own conduct, ought not to be offended at my repeating it, to defend my character from Parker's malignant aspersions; and, if I had exceeded truth, they were able to defend themselves, if they had any truth to do it with. I also, more than once, protested against their arbitrary, popish manner of proceeding; and told them it was not consistent with common honesty. But having no time allowed, nor the copy I requested, necessary for a proper defence, I read that which I had purposed to lay before them, as a preventive to their clandestine juggling.

GENTLEMEN,

"MANY devices are in a man's heart (says Solomon), nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

A little penetration can discern that the unusual attendance, at your last monthly meeting, of members I never saw there before, was to take up my last publication as an attack on this society; and being excluded

cluded from the native rights of man, to answer for myself, I beg to be heard in a few words, that may preclude some unpleasing consequences of a precipitate interference in that which belongs not to the society. Itinerant preaching being its sole object, it can have no just pretence for meddling with the private disputes of any of its members: much less, since the aggressor confesses he was wrong, and begs my pardon. Some, probably, will say I have calumniated the whole society. This I cannot admit: for, though compelled to introduce certain circumstances, to refute a malicious slander on my private character, I studiously avoided every expression which might be construed into an accusation of the whole; and therefore discriminated only those names and occurrences, without which I could not fully expunge the first and fourth charges of my antagonist. When that precious jewel, *character*, is at stake, no name is too sacred to bring forth in its defence; or to remove the odium of a vile calumny.

As I am concerned with three societies, and the names mentioned are members of various others, the public are quite in the dark about which I mean, when I say, "The society of which you (if I guess right) are one of the most active members." And suggesting that Mr. Wilson might not be treasurer to any other, I omitted his name, and other essential circumstances, only to preserve an ambiguity that would make it impossible for any, unacquainted with that transaction, to know which of the three I alluded to. If, gentlemen, you here drop the subject, what follows need not be read; but if you persist in it, I must beg permission to recite some circumstances, which constrain me to say I have been shamefully used; not by the society, as a body, or a committee; but by a few individual members. And, remember,
that

that God, who gave you one ear for my accuser, has given you another for the accused.

The first was Mr. Thomas Wilson, sen. who, when I waited on him with a recommendation from a member, being a stranger to him, he received me politely; but on finding, by the note, I was a candidate he espoused not, he not only denied my just request, but instantly changed both his voice and manner into a churlish morosity very unbecoming a man, and interrogated me with many impertinent questions about my family and situation; and at length with a haughty disparity, common to men of a full purse, he insulted me with queries which implied that he thought me a bastard, and my mother a whore. This ungentlemanlike behaviour, merely through a conscientious difference of circumstances, determinated me never to ask a creature more; but rest the passive subject of Divine Providence.

The second was Mr. Wilks's ungodly aspersions, when I stood candidate for this society, which are published in two letters addressed to him, and sold at Jordan's, Fleet-street.

The third was from Mr. Thomas Wilson, jun. who, at the close of last year, when he understood that I expected 20l. very illiberally, if not designedly, represented a mistake of Mr. Mandell's servant, extremely to my disadvantage, though I had fully cleared it up to him. This, I think, was the cause I received not the other 3l. 10s.; for he had previously told me himself, with great warmth, "that if the society granted my request he would withdraw his subscription:" thereby shewing, how easily he could have deserted what he thinks the cause of God, for the pleasure of oppressing the oppressed. I had not an opportunity to refute his charge till after the
vote

vote was prematurely passed: nor should I then, if his own impetuosity had not previously discovered his intentions. Which shews the injustice and folly of taking up a charge when the accused is not permitted to hear and answer for himself. This is an ungodly practice, be it where it will; and, though too familiar among religious societies, it is an awful transcript of those wicked counsels which used to sit in judgment on the blessed martyrs of Jesus.

The fourth ground of complaint is Mr. Parker's assault upon my character. Where does the reflection fall, when I say, I have been often asked by some members of the committee about my situation?—With what view?—To assist me if I was embarrassed?—No, truly: but as facts demonstrate, to insult me in public print with reproaches of poverty; and such a malicious attempt to blacken my reputation, that I was unavoidably constrained to mention those names and circumstances, in order to repel the nefarious charge, of acting with an *unbecoming spirit*, and having a character so base that “*it is beneath contempt.*” For, as Mr. Parker had his knowledge of me only through my connexion with this society (though he has not scrupled to advance a falsehood to hide that), I could not meet his attack without mentioning them: and this I did as tenderly as the circumstances would admit, knowing that I have some sincere friends in it; otherwise I should have introduced the above anecdotes so pertinent to his pretended relief.

Now permit me, gentlemen, to drop a hint or two from Solomon. He says, “The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water:” and probably you may remember what he compares those to who meddle with strife belonging not to them. Again, says that wise king, “Every purpose is established by

by counsel; and with good advice make war." Hence, before you take in hand to persecute and oppress an injured member of Jesus Christ, to gratify the resentment of two or three rich men, reflect how you will feel when you see a pamphlet discriminating the prominent names and features in this transaction, with others in connexion, as the Long-acre persecution, &c. &c.

Again reflect; if, as men professing godliness, you would not wish to meet death and judgment, while under the guilt of taking from one of his despised servants his character and employ, be not found in the act. For what Christian will deliberately do that which he dare not vindicate before God? The threats thrown out by some, do no more intimidate me, in writing boldly the truth, than the flaming stake subdued its early champions; or the stripes and threats of rulers stopped the mouths of the disciples: and remember that two awful religious characters, who have lately been their own executioners, have previously persecuted some of God's servants.

Let this honest address, gentlemen, be received, not as the effect of fear, or the product of wild enthusiasm; but, as it really is, the result of deliberate reflection on apostolic principles. For, having myself accused a friend of Mr. Romaine's of insincerity, in not giving him a caution of the evil he foresaw would follow his public espousal of the Romish emigrants, I should feel equally culpable by tacitly suffering you to run into an error, which a timely intimation may prevent: and silence would wear the appearance of a secret satisfaction to see you posting into a predicament like Mr. Parker. "But a word spoken in due season (says the royal philosopher), how good is it!"

If, after this serious caution, the society will proceed

ceed to oppress an injured man, for rescuing his character, as David his sheep, from the mouth of the lion, and paw of the bear, I must appeal to the common rights of men; and beg that the Charitable Morfel, and my Answer to it, may be fairly read, in order that each member may be qualified for a judicious and impartial judgment, and not be led by the influence of those who act under the feelings of a malignant resentment: for what man of sense will, or can, decide upon the merits of a cause he has not fully searched into.

Perhaps some individuals may adopt Mr. Wilson's argument, of withdrawing their subscription: but let them remember that such reasons are tantamount to a plain declaration, that they prefer the gratification of animal passion to itinerant preaching. Of such men the Lord hath no need.

I have postponed my reply to Mr. Parker's *Friendly Hint* only for the result of your deliberations.

After this was finished I was again desired to withdraw, when the motion for dismissal was carried, as I expected; knowing the majority were united by secret bands to Parker, Chambers, Durant, Wilson, and Wilks, as the fingers of one hand. As I was determined to try the utmost extent of their liberality, I told them I had refused more advantageous things, from a principal of honour, which would not suffer me to leave them in what I thought an illiberal manner; and supposed, as they were religious men, they would be ashamed to act less generously by me. But this appeal to sense and honour availed not, because their consciences were so seared that they appeared destitute of both. I then faithfully

fully told them, " their dark malicious transactions
 " resembled the diabolical counsels of Mary's reign,
 " more than any thing I ever met with; and that
 " they had acted more like a parcel of f—d—ls than
 " gentlemen, or Christians: and that I would prefer
 " a connexion with the open profane to such religi-
 " ous deceivers; for the former had some honour,
 " but they only a hypocritical pretension to it." Then
 this star-chamber counsel broke up. I informed them
 they were five shillings indebted to me for the letters.
 Durant replied, " We will pay you when you give
 " the treasurer what you have collected." I instantly
 threw down two guineas (being the whole of what I
 had received), and said, " Did you think I wanted
 " to keep the society's money? I scorn your insinua-
 " tion." On which hungry Tom, the treasurer,
 scrabbled up the two guineas, but never paid me a
 doit out of it; nor what I twice asked for. Possibly
 he might think it his due for the discount he mer-
 cinarily upbraided me with; viz. when I settled with
 him in December he paid me the nine-pence he had
 fraudulently deducted last year, and reminded me,
 " that the discount on ten guineas I had had (as part
 " of my salary) in May, was worth more than nine-
 " pence." As he was that instant negotiating busi-
 ness of that nature, probably his hungry soul might
 grudge the loss of what he could have made of it if
 he had restrained it from one whose right it was. The
 society mentioned no form of payment; but one gen-
 tleman, of as much authority as the mercenary trea-
 surer, told me to have money when I wanted it,
 without the least hint of paying discount; which any
 man, but a covetous wretch, would have scorned to
 mention to one in the habit of receiving money, out
 of which he was entitled to a premium.

Hence it is natural for hungry Tom to wish an in-
 crease

crease of subscription; though the society, little as they have, hold more than they eligibly use: so that during my time he has never had less than 50l. in hand; and mostly 100l. if not 150l. with which, by quick returns, he may probably make more than the collector by all his labour. No wonder he feels unpleasant to those who defer their subscriptions to the end of the year. This is not the only carnal principle visible in the society.

When I first joined it I really thought it apposite to its title, which stimulated me as much as the reward, and furnished me with arguments and means whereby I overcame thirteen subscribers who told me they should discontinue, five of which paid two guineas a year. In the course of my applications I found their partiality often complained of; especially by such as had formerly been members of it. This, with other objections, was the cause why I obtained so few subscriptions from so vigorous an exertion, which, had I been paid for by the day, would have exceeded 20l. and not more equivalent to the labour than the 13l. 18s. 3d. I received for this last year. And their tyrannical oppression will never make me think them less indebted to me, nor atone for their wickedness therein. A continual attendance at their meetings convinced me the charge of partiality was not ill founded, and weakened my arguments so much, that I have been forced to tell some, who seriously appealed to my judgment, that I thought their subscription needless, though it was to my disadvantage. From many instances of their carnal partiality I will select one or two, though, perhaps, as little to their satisfaction as the Papists feel at the public exhibition of their abominable reliques of Christ's blood and Mary's milk, &c. for the Lord hath ordained "to make a shew of them openly."

Once

Once they voted 10l. to a case introduced by Parker, at the request of Mr. Elliot of Bond-street (not then a subscriber), which had nothing in it relative to the society's views; and I have heard Durant aver in the committee, more than once since, "that not a sixpence of it was laid out to the purpose of the society." Yet, to carry the vote against some, who knew the case better than Parker, and stated two weighty objections, viz. impropriety, and retrenching more useful applications, Wilks (who is a subtle man) by a piece of drollery created a general risibility, and in the laugh put the motion, which was carried without due discussion. Such a manœuvre in a spouting club may be allowable; but in a religious society, which always begins business under the mask of prayer for God's direction, it is abominable.

Some apparent fields of great usefulness, proposed by one of less personal influence, have been neglected. And even at this present general meeting, and the committee before, money was rather given away, than judiciously applied. In December five guineas were voted to a parcel of ministers, who, by their influence among professors, were thought better able to assist the society, than eligible to its views: and I must agree with Wilks on that occasion, "that such an application from them appeared to be a mean-ness." Five guineas also were voted to a case which, by common consent, had been considered as a useless burden for several years, merely because Mr. Jones espoused it; as he did the preceding. Possibly he might think to heal his conscience by inconsiderately giving to one (not out of his own pocket) while his deceitful heart was rejoicing at the prospect of taking from others. Look at him here, and in page 14. It is the invariable plan of the society to

regard no plea but the prospect of useful itinerancy. Of this Langston reminded Jones, when he moved for five guineas on account of the petitioner's circumstances. Though his usefulness could not be admitted, yet, to please this great man, all fixed rules are easily broke through. "And so they wrap it up."

These are some of the carnal modes of distributing the annual donations of liberal men, under the notion of spreading the gospel. And I have heard that in some places, where much good has been pretended to be done, there has not been in reality the least shadow of it. What real good can be expected when the committee are ashamed of the men they employ? inso-much that when they published their last book (which cost about one-fifteenth of the subscription) Parker himself proposed, that the two letters selected for a decoy should be signed with only initials, instead of their names; which he and others thought would rather disparage the society, than commend it. Whether it was their circumstances, the meanness of their abilities, or their want of sound evangelical principles that suggested this thought, I know not. Indeed I must say, when I reflect more deeply on the subject than at first I could, the whole plan appears to me quite inconsistent with the true evangelical plan of Christian faith: for, besides the hazard of spreading error, the substance of every application is simply this, "The Lord hath sent me to preach at such and such a place, but he, knowing I am poor, will not bear my expences, therefore sends me to you." This is an act of unbelief that amounts to idolatry; and I think no truly evangelical man can adopt it. What man of sense would submit to such an affront, as to have his servant, when sent on a business, apply to abject wretches to pay his expences?

Upon the same non-evangelical principle is the
Evangelical

Evangelical Academy, where students are taught, like apprentices, their trade of searching human authors; instead of going forth with only David's sling and stone; that is, the word and Spirit of God. But how can a man go forth with that which he has not got? Let every man who presumes to stand up in the Lord's name, be able to give a sound gospel reason of his hope, and an unequivocal demonstration that the Spirit of Christ is really in him; else he is a wolf, or a false shepherd: for it is a truth which none can surmount, that "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." How then dare he come in his name? I am afraid if all that are called gospel ministers were tried by this touchstone, a multitude would fall from their pulpits like leaves in autumn.

I protest sincerely before God, my conscience has often been hurt to see so much hypocritical prayer and carnality, yet forced to smother it, by virtue of my office; which now ceasing, I feel great relief in my mind; and hold myself bound to the church of God, as a faithful steward of the light and knowledge he has given me, "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness;" and to proclaim that which is spoken in secret, to his dishonour, upon the house tops.

I cannot omit another shameful dirty action of that general meeting. In all the summonses these words are inserted, "The subscribers are desired to bring their friends with them." One gentleman, who has been a two guinea subscriber from the beginning, brought two friends, one of which had been asked to subscribe, but objected that he must first know more about it. They had not been in ten minutes before they were desired to withdraw, as non-subscribers; while Dr. Lyon, who was there on the same footing, but probably for the pleasure of my enemies, was suffered to remain, till I sent in to communicate the

imposition to that subscriber. Such a black piece of injustice, and papistical partiality renders them as a body, or members of community, detestable to every man of sense.

If my Master, Christ, had been bodily present, would he not have addressed them thus? "Wo unto you, serpents, vipers, hypocrites, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Ye whited sepulchres, which artfully strive to appear beautiful without, are full of all ravening and wickedness. For a pretence ye make long bombast prayers, that ye may with the face of religion devour the oppressed. Durant that evening went to prayer, wherein, though he knew his malicious heart, and others were big with a secret plot of oppression, he begged the Lord to direct them to seek nothing but his glory in that which lay before them: whereas they had predetermined their purpose a month before. Well did Luther say "in the name of God beginneth all evil."—"Wo unto you hypocrites, for ye have omitted the weighty matters of judgment, mercy, and faith." If the Popish enemies of Christ come to you, ye say, "feed him," &c.; but if a friend of Christ, in defending the truth, offend your pride thereby, ye can say, destroy him, and take his bread from him, and, to the utmost of your power, cut him off from the earth: "therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation," saith Christ.

In all providences it is my anxious wish to see the Lord's purpose: for though "the wicked understand not judgment, they that seek the Lord understand all things." And I am fully persuaded *His end* hath been to shew me those secret abominations of his professing people, which I could not otherwise have believed: and I am satisfied it is in order to fit me for that which he hath called me to, viz. to set
my

my face as a flint against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of professors. O that he would raise up many like his champions of old, "valiant for the truth upon earth." When I stand alone I am ready to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Yet I know in whom I have believed; and in whose work I am engaged; and that "it is nothing with him to help with many, or with them that have no power." Help, therefore, O Lord my God; for I rest on thee; and in thy name go against thine enemies, though pretended friends: let not man prevail. If thy name is but glorified in my body, do with it as seemeth thee best. The flesh may feel, but the soul can triumph so as to glory in tribulation. Thy holy will be done. Amen. Praise the Lord.

POSTSCRIPT TO PARKER.

THE hypocrisy in your publications perfectly accords with your secret machinations in the society against me; not that you have hurt me, though you earnestly sought it; for, as I have long been pained to see the earthly-mindedness of its acting members, I have expected that the same God, which opened the door against the shoulders of some cunning preachers, when he brought me in, would make a plain way for my going out; though I looked for it in another way, yet at the same time in which it came to pass. But my object here is, to convince you, if possible, of the amazing depth of wickedness which rules in your heart.

In the 18th page of your Morfel, after preaching Love to enemies, &c. you say, the whole word of God was written to produce this general precept in the hearts of men, "Whatsoever ye would that

“ men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” As you pretend to teach it me, I have a right to expect that it really is *written in your heart*; else how dare you so boldly assert what you are experimentally ignorant of? Now, Sir, answer me. Would you that I, if I could not overcome you by argument, should secretly and maliciously plot against your character and employ? I am sure you would not. Then how dare you to blaspheme God’s word in such a manner, as to aver that of it, with such consummate hypocrisy, which you know nothing about?

In page 10 you preach, in behalf of Papists, “ *Do good unto all men.*” If your conscience was not as dead as a stone, could you have secretly sought the ruin (as far as was in your power) of one who you allow to be a Christian, because he reprov’d you for espousing the cause of the devil’s imps? Do you not yet see the wickedness of your deceitful heart? then look further.

In page 29 you say, “ Believe me, Sir, I am not “ your enemy.” Can you, or any, without the malignant spirit of the devil, draw the sword of persecution, to stab an opponent in the dark, that you cannot conquer by the word of truth? If this is not a *devilish enemy*, I beg you to tell me what is.

In the next line you add, “ Nor do I wish to draw “ down any resentment on your head.” Then why did you fly from the pen to the sword of the children of Ammon for your defence? By them you have executed all the diabolical designs your malignant heart could suggest: perhaps you may disown *malignity and lies* as you do *pride*. But could you advance such a lie, and act so malevolently without the spirit of Satan, the arch enemy, and father of lies?

Again, in the last page of your Friendly Hint you tell me “ you wish to take leave in a Christian spirit,
and

and in a solemn manner." Can a *Christian spirit* take his brother by the throat when he thinks he is "*in want of the comforts and necessities of life;*" and deprive him of the only morsel he thinks he has got? This is your *devilish Christian spirit*, Sir, proved by facts. And as to your *solemnity*, be assured there is more of it in hell, than ever you had in earth: for here all is grimace with you and your evangelica friends, i. e. a demure look and solemn words with a devilish heart; but in hell real and apparent are the same. There, if you should go, you will find a real *unaffected solemnity* in their howlings, weepings, wailings, and gnashing of teeth. May my God keep you from it, if it be his will.

Again, after saying I had vilified you, &c. you say "from my heart I forgive you." Is not your forgiveness, connected with your malicious plot, like Bonner's great charity, who burnt the martyrs alive, that his mercy and compassion might appear in killing them without *effusion of blood*?

O Sir! for your soul's sake, which hangs in jeopardy every hour, look at yourself continually in this honest, faithful glass, before hell opens her mouth, and calls you to "account for *this deed done*" "the body." My prayer is, that God may make it effectual to awaken your sleepy soul, before judgment cuts down that awful vine of Sodom in the Mews, which has been thirty years nailed to the church, by profession, but never yet brought forth one ripe *sweet grape* to this day. What I say unto you I say unto all your hypocritical friends.

As you bid me write to some *worthless fellows*, I ask sensible men, where I can find more vile and worthless names than in this narrative? Can any give me such anecdotes against you, as your own pen and conduct furnish me with? Was it not a

piece of villany to excite a man by the hopes of satisfaction to lay out himself, and, after he had done his utmost, disappoint him; and then, because he cannot think himself satisfied, force a false construction on his words, opposite to his intentions; and on that ground, without a hearing, persecute him with devilish spite, to blacken his character, and plunder him of his property?

Is it not like *swindling* to employ a man to summons about a hundred subscribers, and to give a notice, the week before, for publishing their general meeting, at various chapels in the extremities of London and Westminster, under an agreement to give him 5 per cent. on all the subscriptions he receives, and artfully send two men round with a malicious report, previously to invalidate the collector among the subscribers, and set him in such a light that scarce any would pay their subscription? It certainly is knavish, if not a real swindle.

This honest trick is not chargeable to the whole society; only to Thomas Wilson, of Wood-street, (whether senior or junior, or both, I know not,) and Jarvis Chambers, of Gutter-lane, that I know of. These two or three spiteful, malicious, subtle Christians, by sending their emissaries of their own heads, without any order from the society, made the subscribers so disaffected, that, instead of receiving twenty or thirty guineas, or more (which would have paid me so many shillings for my week's labour), I took only two guineas of two gentlemen that they had missed: and even the discount on those two *hungry Tom*, the treasurer, never satisfied me for; nor for what subscriptions were paid in that evening I was on duty; on which, by their own books, I was as much entitled to 5 per cent. as if I had collected them.

These

These are your men who pretend to make the ten commandments their rule of life. They talk of Christ, call Moses their master, and walk after the devil's precepts. The Apostle of Christ says, "Render to all their due; go not beyond, nor defraud thy brother in any matter," &c. &c. The devil says, give no man his due if he offends you, and you can avoid it; but go beyond, and defraud thy brother *in every* matter you can: he will not go to law with you: never mind his telling of it, I will give you impudence and hardness of heart to brazen it out. Moses says, "Thou shalt not oppress the hireling in his wages; but thou shalt in any wise give unto thy poor brother; lest he cry unto the Lord against thee, and it be sin unto thee." But Satan says, oppress him, malign him, grind him, and crush him to death if you can: and if any ask you "What you can say to it;" answer them as my servant *Matthew* did, when that question was put to him on his conduct which brought two letters into print, viz. "Why, laugh at it, laugh at it." The gospel says, "Be angry and sin not;" i. e. Let no indignation rise but where sin and iniquity demand it. But the practice of these Mammonites is, be wrathful and vindictive against any that offend you; but if they offend Christ (who for a cloak you call master) say nothing to them; and even if they blaspheme his name, and become a stinking blot to their profession, do you shake hands, and be friendly with them. This is the dreadful hypocrisy among professors, who making their boast of the law (as their rule of life) through breaking the law, most shamefully dishonour God. If any of them do the most atrocious deeds, their sycophant brethren will say, "*I hope he is a good man.*" Thus they harden

harden each other's heart; and under the canting epithet of *a good man*, they cloak the most diabolical acts, and are familiar with the perpetrators of the vilest abominations: hence sensible men, who have only the light of nature, are induced to think there is no true religion in the earth. A natural man, with any liberality of sentiment, cannot act the sycophant like those deceivers; therefore, seeing only the grimace of religion in all their pretensions, without a spark of that spirit of *truth, righteousness, mercy, and judgment* (which nature teaches to be of God), they conclude that God hath wholly forsaken the earth. And I must say it is a more rational conclusion from such premises, than to think any man, acting as the hypocrites in this narrative have done, can have the spirit of Christ vitally in them.

Let such "*terrible ones* that make a man an offender for a word, and lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate, and turn aside the just for a thing of naught," remember, to their confusion, "the triumph of the wicked is short;" and "for all these things God will bring them into judgment."

Pray, Mr. Parker, be so kind as to tell me how much you gave to have that notorious, palpable lie published in the Monthly Review? Sure it must cost a great deal to buy the consciences of such rich and learned men as the Monthly Reviewers! I cannot think they would for nothing affirm so glaring a falsehood, as that your Charitable Morfel was written in a Christian spirit, "not rendering railing for railing;" after you had confessed the lie I charged you with on that head, by these words, in your Friendly Hint, viz. "I acknowledge I have used sharpness in my reply to your Barley Cake, as
" well

“ well as in this letter.” Perhaps they may avail themselves of this quibble, that you have railed, reproached, and defamed, unprovoked; not for any railing you received from me.

I once was at a printer’s, when an Esquire’s servant came in, and requested him to insert the death of his master in his paper; and to be sure to give him a character. The printer told him that would be some expence: on which the servant put down a shilling. The printer said he could give but a very moderate character for that; then the servant gave him half a crown: on receiving this, he said, “ Be assured, Sir, he shall have a most excellent “ character.”

Pray, Gentlemen, what is the price in your Review for an extraordinary plaudit to a malicious, unprovoked attack on the private character of the Author of the Barley Cake?

I have long considered it is an arbitrary violation of civil rights, for a parcel of men to assume an authority to censure and applaud the writings of men just as they please, without much regard to truth or lies; arrogantly supposing themselves wiser than all men, even in subjects they do not understand. Therefore I have lately hinted a plan for publishing a Review of the Reviewers, and have some hopes of its being adopted by men of too much integrity to say black is white, and too much good sense to give judgment on works they are not competent to. It is an indisputable fact, attested by the Holy Ghost, “ that the natural (i. e. un- “ converted) man receiveth not the things of the “ Spirit of God; for they are foolishness to him, “ neither can he know them, because they are “ spiritually discerned.” And I here challenge any one,

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one, or the whole body of Reviewers, with all the wisdom that science, sophistry, or learning, can give them, to meet the principle of the Barley Cake, either publicly or privately, on scripture ground. I hope, as men of sense, you will be ashamed to excuse yourselves, by pretending it is beneath your notice. If you thought so, why did you quote some passages from it with a sophistical turn, and then deduce a question which a child, versant in scripture, would perplex you in solving? A question which proves you to be as ignorant of the things of God as Parker's nymphs are of the liberal arts.

If men are to be guided in their judgment by animal sensations, as your question implies, they will be sure to err. A man of sense, and more especially the Christian, should always take the antecedent in connexion with the consequent, as the cause united to its effect. Condescend to admit the following instance for illustration.

When I walk the streets, at almost every print-shop my eye is caught with an affecting portrait of a late unhappy monarch, struggling under the contending powers of fortitude and grief: better expressed by the artist's tool, than by my homely pen. The anguish in their looks, the pathos in their attitudes, the heart rending sorrows and frantic desperation, amounting almost to insensibility, visible in the relative branches, and the solemnity of the surrounding groupe, rouse up the animal sensation to mingle griefs, and share the dignity of woe: but when the inquiring mind searches for the antecedent cause, and views the melancholy catastrophe of the memorable 10th of August 1792, &c. &c. (which ought to be a picture of contrast with it) the force of righteousness and judgment is led to adopt

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